

MYSTERY OF VANISHED GOLD WEIGHING 18CWT.

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE GOLD DEALING CASE.



Mr. Harry Lewis and Mrs. Stevens (right) arriving at Bow-street, yesterday. In the centre is Mrs. Lewis, wife of one of the accused men.



J. W. Chamblain (on left), one of the accused, attend at Bow-street Police Court.



George Painter (on right) charged, with six others, with illegal dealing in gold.

At Bow-street Police Court, yesterday, the case for the Crown against six men and a woman, on a charge of using gold coin for purposes other than currency, was opened by Sir Archibald Bodkin. The sum concerned was said to be £110,000.

TOMMY'S CURE COMPLETED IN HOSPITAL WORKSHOP.



Wonderful results are being obtained at the special surgical hospital, Shepherd's Bush, amongst crippled ex-service men. They are given work that will beneficially affect their injured muscles, and at the same time they are learning a trade for a future livelihood.

A WIFE'S "OLD FRIEND."



In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Lyon H. F. Wisden, of Worthing, was granted a divorce from his wife (seen above), who it was alleged, shortly after the marriage, went off with a man of independent means whom she introduced as an "old friend."

WEDDING OF A DISTINGUISHED WAR HERO.



Lieut.-Colonel Grogan, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B., with his bride (Miss Ethel Elger), who were married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. The bridegroom has a distinguished record of service during the war.

MAN WHO WAS TWICE TRIED AND ACQUITTED.

Story of Mistaken Identity in Charges of Fraud.

THEORY OF "A DOUBLE."

Herbalist Six Times Suspected—Counsel Makes Plea for Finality.

"Twice he has been tried, twice he has been acquitted."

Such was the statement made by counsel for the defence at the Hull Quarter Sessions yesterday after the acquittal of Horace Leslie Perkins, herbalist, of Wolverhampton, on two charges of fraud.

Counsel suggested that the police might now acknowledge that they had got the wrong man.

This was, he said, the sixth or eighth time Perkins had been suspected of frauds which were obviously being committed on a very large scale by some other man closely resembling Perkins in appearance.

Twice he had been tried and acquitted, a previous trial taking place at Derbyshire Assizes, counsel said there ought to be some finality to what was amounting almost to persecution of this man.

The Recorder concurred. In the cases before the jury Perkins was alleged to have represented himself to be a traveller for a Staffordshire firm of earthenware dealers.

Orders were given and money paid, but no goods delivered. Perkins called evidence to show that at the time of the alleged frauds he was attending markets in the Midlands.

'FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS'

Police Story of Newly-Soled Shoes in "Beautiful Woman" Tragedy.

The tragedy of the death of Mrs. Kathleen Ellis Breaks, who was found shot on the sands, hills at St. Anne's, was connected with those whose death an ex-Army officer, Frederick Rothwell Holt (thirty-one), of Lake-road, Fairhaven, Lytham, has been charged, was further investigated by the Lytham magistrates yesterday.

John Stodart Breaks, motor engineer, of Bridlington, the husband, said temperament was the cause of their personal differences. "Her point of view of life and mine did not agree."

A statement regarding footprints in the sand was given by Inspector Brown, of St. Anne's. He said he saw the prints of a man and a woman walking abreast leading to the spot where the body was lying. He measured the footprints of the man's boots, which appeared to have been made by newly soled boots.

At Holt's home he found a pair of re-soled shoes, wet and with sand adhering to them. They made an impression similar to that in the sand.

The hearing was adjourned till to-day.

A SECRET LOVER.

Girl's Pathetic Letter Before Jumping Into Canal—'I Cannot Bear the Disgrace.'

At an inquest at Burslem, Devon, on Rhoda Twozoo, aged twenty-two, whose body was found in the Great Western Canal, the following letter from her to an unknown man was read:—

"I have told you all through I cannot bear the disgrace of it all."

"I told you long ago that I did forgive you. You said this would be a lesson to you and I sincerely hope it will, and that in the future you will not make promises you have no intention of keeping."

"I have told my people nothing; the thing is too painful."

It was stated that this letter was stamped for posting and addressed to a man whom the police had not succeeded in tracing.

He visited Taunton, where the girl was employed, and she had several rides in a motor-car with him. Verdict: Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

DOG'S SAFETY LIGHTS.

Motorist "Held Up" by Reflection of Lamps in Eyes.

An uncanny experience with a very simple explanation is reported by a motorist who was driving on Wednesday from Colville to Leicester.

He saw two green lights in the road ahead of him and slowed down. Then he discovered that the rays of the headlights had been reflected in the eyes of a big sheepdog.

£1,500,000 LABOUR MEMORIAL.

An offer has lately been made of a Bloomsbury site for the proposed Labour War Memorial, which is to include a Trades Union Congress Hall and a hotel, and which is expected to cost £1,500,000.

AUDIENCE'S PERIL.

Roof Glass Crashes on "Pirates of Penzance" at Hertford.

ACTORS PREVENT PANIC.

A remarkable accident occurred yesterday afternoon during a matinee performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" by the Hertford Dramatic and Operatic Society at the Corn Exchange, Hertford.

A tarpaulin over the skylight became detached and, blown about by the wind, distracted the audience.

Some of the performers climbed on to the roof to fix it outside whilst the play was at its height, when suddenly a huge pane of glass fell into the auditorium beneath, among the occupants of the reserved seats, injuring about half a dozen severely and badly cutting them.

Several fainted, but a panic was prevented by the performers and orchestra continuing as if nothing had happened.

At the moment when this occurred a brother of one of the injured women was on the stage singing in the policeman's song.

RECEIVER OF RULERS.

Sir R. Follett Syngue Dies as Result of Fall from Bedroom Window.

Sir Robert Follett Syngue, Deputy Master of Ceremonies, Foreign Office, died at his residence in Chester-square, S.W., early yesterday morning from injuries to the skull received by falling from a bedroom window.

Sir Robert Syngue, who was connected with the Foreign Office for thirty-five years, had been confined to his room for some time by illness, and shortly after three o'clock on Wednesday Lady Syngue found him lying on the grass at the back of his house.

Sir Robert was concerned in the receptions of President Wilson, President Poincaré, the Shah of Persia, the Amir Feisal, and other notabilities on their recent visits to this country. He was knighted by the King only a few months ago, but had previously been made the recipient of many British and foreign decorations and honours in acknowledgment of distinguished service in a variety of directions.

MOULDERS' "PEACE" VOTE.

Majority of 6,404 for Resumption of Work—End of Four Months' Strife.

The moulders' ballot result was declared in Manchester yesterday as follows:—

For resumption of work	17,667
Against	11,263
Majority	6,404

The strike began on September 20, 1919, when 50,000 men belonging to the three unions came out.

Twice the men have been balloted on terms of settlement agreed to by their representatives, and twice they have rejected them.

The strike has caused the lock-out of 250,000 other workers owing to the disorganisation of the engineering trades.

Lion's Share for U.S.—Speaking at Glasgow last night at a dinner marking the opening to day of the largest motor show ever held in Scotland, Lord Weir said America was supplying 90 per cent of the world's motor requirements.

"BACKS TO TRAFFIC."

Coroner's Comment on People Who Walked in Dark Road—"Deplorably Foolish."

"The real cause of the accident was the conduct of the deceased in walking in the middle of a very dark road with their backs to the oncoming traffic—a deplorably foolish thing to do."

These were the coroner's comments at the inquest yesterday on Mark Sydenham Edgington and Alice Harding, who were killed by a motor-car at Hounslow last Sunday.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

AEROPLANE RESCUE IN DESERT.

Following recent operations in Mesopotamia, a British aeroplane engaged in desert scouring observed a solitary figure slowly making its way across the sands.

On descending the occupants found that it was a British officer who had been badly wounded. They got him into the aeroplane and flew with him to the nearest hospital—a distance of over 250 miles.

AMAZING ANTHRAX CASE.

The Aldershot Medical Officer of Health, in investigating a death from anthrax, has discovered that it was caused by a painter's brush, which had been used as a shaving brush for several years and which, on examination was found to contain the germs of anthrax.

FORGOT HIS DUTY.

Hendon Constable Found Off His Beat with Woman Friend.

FULL PENALTY IMPOSED.

Charged with neglect of duty, Police Constable Walter James Dye, attached to the Hendon Police Station, was at Hendon yesterday fined £10 or a month's imprisonment—the full penalty.

He pleaded guilty, and Mr. E. B. Knight explained that Dye, who had been nearly twelve years in the force, was seen in the company of a woman whose husband challenged them.

Inquiries were made and it was ascertained that he was at Lyng, in Norfolk, apparently with the woman he was seen with in the park.

MR. ASQUITH ACCEPTS.

Three-Cornered Fight at Paisley—Unionists Adopt a Coalition Candidate.

Mr. Asquith has accepted the invitation of the Paisley Liberal Association to contest the bye-election, and has given to the London correspondent of the Glasgow Daily Record and Mail the following message to the electors:—

"Paisley Liberalism, which has never haltered or failed for ninety years, is summoned to-day to the task of vindicating those great principles of freedom and justice for all classes on which Liberalism has ever stood. I entertain no doubt that the men and women of Paisley will adequately discharge the high responsibility which is laid upon them at this hour."

It is not expected that the ex-Premier will travel north until Monday night, as in his capacity of president he will take the chair at the annual dinner of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn on Monday evening.

The Labour unionists are said to be dissatisfied with the Labour nominee, Mr. Biggar, who is opposed to Soviets, and they have called a meeting to discuss running another candidate.

The Paisley Unionists, last night, decided to counter the heat and according to one message adopted Mr. James A. D. Mackean as Coalition candidate.

LONDON FREE FROM 'FLU.'

No Cases Registered in the City—Only a Few Feverish Colds.

The Daily Mirror was informed yesterday that there are at present no registered cases of influenza in the City of London. Inquiries made in other London districts brought forth the same result, so that, so far, there are no indications of the Chicago epidemic.

"I have no cases of influenza among my patients at present," said a well-known medical authority. "There are, of course, quite a number of people suffering from feverish colds."

CHICAGO, Thursday. Two thousand and eight new cases of influenza and 181 new cases of pneumonia are reported to-day. Hitherto influenza has been responsible for sixty-one deaths and pneumonia for twenty-one.—Reuter.

'PEARL' STRIKE SETTLED.

Insurance Agents Get £3 a Week Minimum and Will Return to Work.

The strike of the Pearl insurance agents is settled.

The following official statement was issued last night:—"After prolonged discussion the Pearl directors and the men's representatives have reached a settlement, and the executive of the men are recommending an immediate resumption of work."

Alderman Beard, president of the Workers' Union, said that the £3 per week minimum had been conceded.

Mr. Joseph Weathers, the Pearl Assurance publicity agent, is chairman of the Isleworth Branch of the "weekend men" division of the Labour Party, and at a meeting of the branch yesterday a resolution was passed requesting him to sever his connection with the party.

PESTS OF LONELY ROADS.

Women Complain of Attacks by Masked Man in "Garb of Minister."

From Our Own Correspondent.

BARRY, Thursday. An epidemic of attacks upon women by masked men has occurred at Barry, and this week women have complained of being molested in lonely parts of the town. Matters have now reached a climax, following upon a youth being found bound and gagged, but apparently not robbed.

Several of the women attacked say their assailant was clothed in the garb of a minister.

HOTEL MAID'S TRAGIC FIND.

A young man, named Bertram Martin Baker, connected with a firm of publicity contractors, who for the last three months has been residing at a West End hotel, has been found dead in his bedroom in tragic circumstances.

When a chambermaid entered his room she found him dead in bed with a wound in his throat.

ANGUISHED CRY OF AN ERRING WIFE.

Letter to Actor Husband—"Rolling in Misery."

AIRMAN CO-RESPONDENT.

An actor, and in the war an R.A.S.C. lieutenant, Mr. Edgar Hugh Williamson, was granted a divorce on the ground of the misconduct of his wife, Eva May, with Lieutenant Percy Kent, of the Royal Flying Corps.

Petitioner said that the marriage took place in 1914.

In the summer of 1917 he learned that she had been away with the co-respondent to Norfolk.

He forgave her and their happy relations were resumed till the end of 1918, when, while on leave, he discovered that his wife was again communicating with the co-respondent.

In the following January he got a letter from his wife admitting misconduct, and adding: "Although I feel as strongly as ever that we are doing the right thing, do not imagine I have not been rolling in agony through hours of misery without contrasting my former state when lying ill, surrounded by your tender care."

"A SPLENDID HORSEWOMAN."

Divorce Court Story of Wife and an "Old Friend of Hers."

"I ought not to have married you; I shall have much better time with Parker-Jervis. He has plenty of money." This, it was stated in the Divorce Court, yesterday, was what Mrs. Blanche C. Wisden said to her husband, Mr. Leon H. F. Wisden, of the Priory, West Tarring, Worthing, who was granted a decree nisi, Mr. John St. Vincent Parker-Jervis being cited as co-respondent.

Shortly after the marriage, said petitioner, when they were living at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, he was introduced by his wife to the co-respondent as an old friend of hers, and on October 30, 1914, respondent left the hotel and had never lived with petitioner since.

He was shot in the leg in 1915, and while in hospital he saw in a paper a photograph of his wife accompanied by the printed statement, "A beautiful study—another recruit from society to the stage. Not only is Mrs. Parker-Jervis well known in social and sporting circles, but she is a splendid horsewoman and may be seen almost every day with the mounted brigade in Rotten Row." It is rumoured that she is appearing shortly at a London theatre.

"SKYSCRAPER LONDON."

Sir Martin Conway's Vision of 40-Story Buildings with Fixed Furniture.

"The only hope I can see for London, if it is going to spread like a hideous ven over the whole of the home counties, is by erecting the buildings widely and by building them high."

This vision of London's physical future was imparted by Sir Martin Conway to the London Society last night.

"If I had my way," Sir Martin went on, "I would knock down all the main streets, here at time, and in the great open spaces which would be left I would build the highest buildings it is possible to erect. I would like to see the whole of the East End laid flat and set up on end."

Sir Martin drew an imaginary picture of London containing a number of gigantic communal buildings, thirty to forty stories in height, covering large areas and housing thousands of people. These buildings would be surrounded by spaces and centrally heated, and the furniture would be mostly supplied fixed.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Moderate or fresh, S.W. to W. winds, low cloud and light rain, becoming fairer, with occasional showers locally; fair, rather mild.

The forty buses have been withdrawn from the London streets.

Lloyd Clemenceau were the names given to a baby boy christened at Hendon.

The citizenship of Rome was conferred upon General Diaz and Admiral Thaon yesterday.—Reuter.

Murder Mysteries.—There have been no further developments in the Hastings train and the Chelsea mysteries.

Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, lately editor of The Times, was yesterday elected a director of the New Consolidated Goldfields.

Prince F.R.S.—The Prince of Wales became a Fellow of the Royal Society yesterday and incidentally assisted Professor Bragg in his sound experiments.

What Jewry Did.—They were entitled to say that the Jewish community in London is the great events of the past six years.—Lord Reading at the Jewish Historical Society last night.

Another Hotel To Be Freed.—The Ministry of Munitions is leaving the Hotel Metropole, Lord Inverforth and his personal staff move to Armauerburg, Whitehall-place, on Monday and the remainder of the staff will be housed elsewhere at an early date.

MYSTERY OF 18 CWT. OF GOLD THAT DISAPPEARED

£110,000 Withdrawn from the Bank—
Sensations in D.O.R.A. Prosecution.

STORY OF JOURNEYS WITH BAGS OF COIN.

How a long watch was kept on the six men and a woman who are charged in what is known as the "gold-melting case" was related at Bow-street yesterday. The seven prisoners were arrested last week on warrants issued at the instance of the Bank of England, charging them with a contravention of the regulations under the Defence of the Realm Act in regard to the use of gold coins otherwise than as currency.

Sir Archibald Bodkin said that over £110,000 in gold had been withdrawn from the Bank of England by the accused man Sykes—most of it since last October—and these coins, weighing over 18cwt., had completely disappeared.

COUNSEL ON "ORGANISED CONSPIRACY."

Visits to Bank and Pockets Full of Gold.

A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

The six men and a woman who were charged at Bow-street yesterday with contravening the Defence of the Realm Regulations in regard to the use of gold coins otherwise than as currency were:

Joseph Sykes, aged 65, moneylender, Theobald's-road, W.C.
George Stevens, 60, gold miner, Cosmo Hotel, Southampton-row, W.C.
May Stevens, 50, married, same address.
George Painter, 59, horse dealer, Dalling-road, Hammersmith.
Harry Lewis, 52, barrister, Lincoln's Inn-fields.
Solomon Shure, 55, dealer, Hatton-garden.
Joseph William Chamberlain, 51, diamond dealer, Brewster-road, Leyton.

Sir Archibald Bodkin, for the Crown, said that over £110,000 in gold coins had been withdrawn from the Bank of England by Joseph Sykes—most of it since October last—and no trace in any ordinary transaction by him or by any of the defendants now before the Court had been discovered of those coins. Those coins, weighing over 18cwt., had completely disappeared. All the defendants, with the exception of Mrs. Stevens, had considerable dealings in bank-notes and currency notes. Shure had sold large quantities of bar gold in that form to a well-known firm of assayers and bullion dealers in Hatton-garden. In the month of December something like £9,400 worth of bar gold was sold by Shure to that firm.

This conspiracy was a highly organised one, in which Sykes was chiefly concerned.

BLOOMSBURY WATCH.

Counsel's Story of a Regular System of Gold Withdrawals from Bank.

Another feature of this organisation (said counsel) was that the places at which the various acts of this drama were performed were places which could not have been better selected from the point of view of putting difficulties in the way of those who had to keep observation. They were all within a very small circle—Theobald's-road, Red Lion-street, Southampton-row, Great Turnstile-street, and the north-east corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Watch was kept on Sykes, Mrs. Stevens, Stevens and Lewis, and on others, but it was only in the autumn of last year that Sykes began to draw considerable sums from the bank.

The actions of Stevens and Miller were regarded by the police with so much suspicion that on August 26 they were arrested and charged with loitering as suspected persons. They were defended by the prisoner Lewis, and discharged.

A statement, said counsel, was obtained from May Downe, who afterwards married Stevens. This was: "I have lent several thousands of pounds to a man named Stevens. This money has been given to him in gold. He repaid me at the time in Bank of England and Treasury notes. The gold was lent at 12 per cent. interest. Stevens has not yet paid any interest on the money I have lent him."

"MUST BE STRONG."

"£1,000 in Gold a Considerable Weight to Carry," Says Counsel.

The police observations showed that Sykes, as regularly as possible, about one o'clock would change notes into gold at the Bank of England.

He would place the bags in his pocket, and he must be physically a sturdy person, because £1,000 or £1,500 in gold was a considerable weight to carry.

He went straight from the bank to 23, Theobald's-road. Afterwards he would emerge with a brief bag which appeared to be heavy.

May Downe would leave shortly afterwards, the two going away independently to the exterior of the Cosmo Hotel. Here Sykes would

hand the bag to the woman, who would enter the hotel and give it to Stevens, or give him parcels out of it, which he would distribute among his various pockets. He would then walk out of the hotel and go to 29b, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the upstairs part of which lived Lewis and his wife.

Counsel said that in December last Sykes exchanged £26,550 worth of bank-notes at the Bank of England, but of this amount only £7,000 were his own. Of the balance of £19,550 in notes, £1,240 would be traced to Painter, £1,900 to Chamberlain, £200 to Shure, and £11,550 from the hands of those who purchased the gold or otherwise were connected with the dealing in gold. That left £4,180 of the £26,550 which had not yet been traced at all.

Detective Inspector Charles Cooper said he had seen Sykes meet George Stevens and Mrs. Stevens in August last, whereupon Sykes exclaimed: "I have never seen George Stevens before my life."

The detective added that Sykes seemed to have a grievance.

Sykes: Yes, because they put me in a lunatic asylum for nothing.

Mrs. Stevens: Will you be quiet?

WATCHED FROM TAXICAB.

Mr. C. Leray, secretary to Mr. Charles Arrov, of Chancery-lane, described how he and a colleague kept defendants under observation. On one occasion they watched the Cosmo Hotel from a taxicab, and saw Lewis and his wife arrive. Lewis, carrying a Gladstone bag, entered the hotel, and when he emerged it appeared to be heavy.

They went to a tea-shop, said witness, where they met Painter, who was carrying the bag, took the Tube to Hammersmith, where he entered a house in Dalling-road. Later Chamberlain entered, and when they left he was carrying the bag. He was followed to his house at Leyton.

The hearing was adjourned.

"NO SUNDAY GAMES."

Bishop of Chelmsford Criticises L.C.C. Proposal to Open Parks for Football.

"From a long experience of the working classes in the East End of London, I can conceive of few proposals more calculated to injure the moral and spiritual forces of the country than that which would usher in Sunday games by the authorities. I would be the London County Council."

Thus the Bishop of Chelmsford (Dr. Watts Ditchfield) in a letter to the secretary of the Imperial Sunday Alliance expresses his opinion regarding the proposal of the London County Council to open the parks for Sunday football.

"The games," writes the Bishop, "would be played at a time devoted to Christian organisations for work among the young, and the boy who did not join in a Sunday game would very soon become an object of the scorn of those around him."

LOST MEMORY MYSTERY.

The mystery man of middle age who was found in rags on December 22 at Lamberville, New Jersey, U.S.A., is still unable to recall his name. The Rev. T. J. Benzley, Rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, who is befriending him, says he has described Magdalen College, Oxford, believes himself to have been connected in some way with Professor Buxley, and of events before last Christmas Day can only remember the sinking of the Titanic in 1912.—*Reuter.*



Duchess of Marlborough.

Lady Grove.

Among the recipients of the Cross of Commander of the Order of St. Sava, conferred by the Regent of Serbia on the Committee of the Society to Save Serbian Children, are the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Grove.

STORMY SCENES AT BIRTH OF NEW FRENCH CABINET.

More Abstainers Than Supporters of Vote of Confidence.

"NOT LONG TO LIVE."

There were some lively interludes in the French Chamber yesterday, says a Reuter message.

After the reading of M. Millerand's declaration of policy, M. Daudet criticised the composition of the Cabinet as concerning the choice of M. Steeg as Minister of the Interior.

He reproached him with having been at one time a Minister of the Cabinet of M. Painlevé, whom, he declared, he had betrayed.

Upon protests from the Chamber and from M. Millerand, he withdrew the remarks.

Of three orders of the day submitted none implied confidence in the Government. M. Millerand rejected them, and stated he would only accept a resolution of confidence.

A very stormy and confused debate arose. A resolution of confidence was finally passed by 272 votes to twenty-three. There were 300 abstentions.

It is understood that although the Government has secured the majority to-day, they will not remain in power for long.

The debate, says the Exchange, lasted five hours. As a result of the vote, M. Millerand remains as head of the Government, but he will have another very violent assault to face next Wednesday, when the general foreign policy of the Government comes up for discussion.

M. Millerand's declaration of policy at the meeting of the Chamber yesterday, says Reuter, dealt, among other things, with reconstruction.

HUGE CLOTH DEAL.

Disposal Board's Sale of 1,000,000 Yards of Material to London Firm of Clothiers.

A big sale of cloth—involving more than 1,000,000 yards—has been effected by the Disposal Board of the Munitions Ministry to Messrs. Glanfield and Sons, Limited, wholesale clothiers. This is the firm which recently bought for about £1,000,000 the surplus stock of gabardine.

The purchase consists of gabardine, woolen and cotton materials of a military type. Little of the cloth, it is stated, is of a character that would sell in this country. The bulk, therefore, will be sold overseas.

Shipbuilding Combine.—Modern Transport announces that the banking firm of Messrs. Sperring and Company, acting on behalf of an important shipbuilding syndicate (in which the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company, Ltd. and Shipyard at Chepstow.

"MEDORAH'S" NOVEL PLOT.

Triumph of Miss Ada Reeve in Alhambra Success Last Night.

"Medorah," the new Alhambra revue produced last night, is one of the best of its kind. Music, lyrics and dancing—all are of the best. There is an element of novelty in the plot, which hinges on the weight in pounds avoirdupois of a Sultan's daughter.

Miss Ada Reeve, who played the title part, had a magnificent reception. Excellent work was done by Miss Margaret Campbell, Mr. W. S. Percy, Mr. Leo Stormont and Mr. Jamieson Dodds.

COALITION NECESSARY.

Mr. Balfour, who was "entertained by the City of London Conservative and Unionist Association last night, said the war was not yet over, if by that they meant the war in its great and immediate consequences.

We were still struggling with the burdens of war, and he could conceive no more necessary form of government than Coalition.

NATIONAL DEBT AT ITS LIMIT.

Mr. A. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at a meeting of the Birmingham Society of Chartered Accountants yesterday, said he believed the National Debt had reached its maximum.

VIVID INQUEST STORY OF POLICE CHIEF'S END.

Man Who Saw Four Assassins Run Away.

WILFUL MURDER VERDICT.

Jury Express Their "Abhorrence of Dastardly Crime."

At the inquest yesterday evening at Meath Hospital, Dublin, on Mr. William Charles Forbes Redmond, Deputy-Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, who was shot in Harcourt-street, Dublin, on Wednesday evening, the jury found that he died from the effects of a bullet which severed the spinal cord.

They returned a verdict of Wilful murder against person or persons unknown, and appended the following rider:—

"We express our abhorrence of the dastardly crime and our sympathy with the relatives of the deceased."

James Costelloe, Sandymount-avenue, said he was coming from the theatre into Harcourt-street at 6.10 p.m., when he heard two shots.

He looked in the direction of the sound and saw four or five men running away in the direction of Montagu-street.

He could not identify the men he saw running away. They wore overcoats, and one had a soft hat.

Dr. MacKay, house surgeon, Meath Hospital, said he found a small wound on the right side of the neck and a ragged wound over the lower jaw. The spinal cord was cut. A third wound was found on the back.

Both shots must have been fired from behind, Mrs. Redmond, widow of a Assistant Commissioner Redmond, arrived in Belfast yesterday morning unaware of her husband's death.

Constable Finnigan, who was shot at Thurles on Tuesday night, and who now lies in a Dublin hospital, was reported to be dying yesterday.

U.S. TROOPS IN FIGHT.

Two Killed in "Scrap" with Cossacks—A Siberian General Captured.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.

The War Department have been advised that two United States soldiers were killed and one seriously wounded in a fight with General Semenov's Cossacks at Posolokaya, Siberia, on January 19.

According to a cablegram from General Graves, the crew of an American armoured car fought the crew of one of Semenov's armoured cars. Five Cossacks were killed and one was wounded.

The Americans, who numbered thirty-eight, captured one general, six other officers and forty-eight men. General Graves says that Cossacks attacked the small bridgehead on the left bank of the Don, west of Rostoff; attempts to cross the river have been repulsed. On the Crimean front the Reds are approaching Chon-sar and Perekop.

"RACE SUICIDE" WARNING.

Plethora of People and Children Needed to Meet Enemies at Gate.

Mr. Justice Darling, passing sentence at the Old Bailey yesterday on three men in the case of a woman who died following an operation, referred to "race suicide." He said:—

"The country which permits its population to be dealt with in this way is bound to decay. Those who have as many enemies as the British Empire must, for their own safety, have plenty of people, plenty of children, to meet those enemies in the gate."

In another case at the Old Bailey Mr. Justice Darling observed: "No one can walk about the streets of London without noticing the large number of young girls of a certain character."

"I am sorry to say I ordered a whole lot myself to leave a railway station. I told them I would have them before the magistrate, and they ran away like so many rabbits."

WOOL PRICES REPORT.

At the conclusion of a meeting of the Prices Committee and the War Profiteering Act, held yesterday, Mr. McCurdy made the following statement:—

"The report of the Prices Committee upon worsted yarns, to which the Mackinder made reference at the Central Committee last Friday, has now been signed, and is being forwarded by the Prices Committee to the Board of Trade. The wool report was only sent to the Board of Trade on the 17th inst. There is no grounds for any suggestion of delay on the part of the Board of Trade in dealing with these two reports."

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1920.

THE DREAD OF PEACE.

A GREAT fear that some day we may be at peace still seems to haunt many "war minds"; as the aged dug-outs call those statesmen whose record of blunder is highest.

The dread of peace with Russia, for example, is daily increased and fostered by the old argument about the naughtiness of animals that defend themselves when attacked. We attack Russia. Russia replies. Oh, the naughty animal!

But the dread of peace is a pervasive tremor that ranges over other lands.

A few days ago, we mentioned Professor Keynes' book on the (alleged) peace. It is about the peace, but, oddly enough, its aim is only to secure real peace, everywhere.

Its suggestions to that end may be disputed; but you would hardly think its main object would be reviled as an evil one. But it is! Yesterday the warlike *Morning Post* was trembling lest Professor Keynes should influence young Cambridge, by this pernicious love of peace in him. Something must be done to "counter" him! Something? Yes. Why not another war?

Some people never have enough of a bad thing. But, just now, we are glad to note that the war-mongers are not "influencing" the young, at Cambridge, at Oxford, or elsewhere. And perhaps that may partly be because the young have to fight in the wars got up for them so thoughtfully by the "war minds" whose record is blunder?

"THE MAGNETIC AGE."

EVIDENTLY there are grave governors and school directors about who hold to the educational "system" of the late Sir Austin Ferever in Meredith's famous novel. They believe, with him, that a young man or a young girl arrives in adolescence at a dangerous crisis called "the magnetic age," which, briefly, is the age during which one falls in love repeatedly.

This age is troublesome and should be staved off as long as possible.

Then, just at the critical moment, the ardent youth should be introduced to the "right girl," as Lady de Frece used to call her. And he will at once fall in love, since he falls in love with all girls. And he will marry her, according to veiled arrangement. And they will produce a number of ideal girls and boys for Britain.

Well, the system failed, as we know.

It always does. It fails, because the Richard Ferevers of the world will go out on their own, and will meet beautiful, impetuous damsels drooping over woodland streams. They fall in love of course—not with the pre-arranged lady. And they come and tell their parents. And their parents say: "Stuff and nonsense; you've no money; think it over!" And they victoriously retort: "That's all right, dad; we're married." And so they are.

Therefore we fear that the governors of the county school will not defeat the magnetic age by forbidding boys and girls to dance together. There are so many other ways in which Richard encounters Lucy. Indeed, humbly we may suggest to them that Richard ought to be induced to meet as many ladies as possible, even in the dangers of a dance. We may echo the old adage about safety in numbers.

After all, or hang it all, he can't marry more than one, even in these days of double bigamy! If he meets a whole lot of them he may be so confused as not to make up his mind immediately. He will then wait and see. That is the time to introduce the Ideal Mate, with directions to her that she should remove competitors and stand alone in the magnetic area. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Start some kind word on its travels. There is no telling where the good it may do will stop.—D. Talmage.

THE "PENNY WISE POUND FOOLISH" PLAN

SAVE! BUT BE SURE TO SAVE IN THE RIGHT WAY!

By ETHEL ADRIAN ROSS.

ECONOMY is the watchword of to-day, that is to say, for private individuals. What with heavy taxes, high prices, and what not, it is only by rigid economy that most people are able to keep their heads above water at all!

What is economy? Many people seem to think that it consists in buying cheap clothes, and in doing without the necessities of life.

To them this seems the only obvious and possible form of economy.

But in this they make a great mistake; it is obvious, certainly, but it is neither wise nor scientific. It is the course adopted by those who do not reason properly.

There is no economy, for instance, in buying cheap clothes of poor quality.

They wear out in no time, and have to be replaced, so that in the end it would have

that eventually she becomes ill, simply because her body is not properly nourished. How many doctors can tell of women who have broken down utterly owing to this!

The final result of their economy and unselfishness is infinitely more expensive than if a little more money had been spent in food, and a woman who adopts such a course is simply gambling with her health.

A house is often allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that in the end far more money has to be spent over it than if it had been kept in order from the outset.

It is the same with furniture.

ABOUT FURNITURE.

"We grudge having the leg of a chair strengthened when it gets a little shaky. Then one day the whole chair collapses and has to be practically remade. The springs of a sofa start sticking up in a truculent manner, till they burst through the covering; it would have been cheaper to have taken the matter in hand before the final tragedy."

"A stitch in time saves nine." "Penny wise, pound foolish." Such old proverbs! We

THE "WAVE" OF CRIME.

DO SEVERER PUNISHMENTS DETER THE LAW-BREAKER?

DISEASE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE dread of punishment may deter from crime. But the actual reception of punishment only hardens criminals.

Terrible penalties involving social ruin are inflicted for many crimes.

Yet still those crimes exist.

When crime is a disease, it should be "punished" by the painless exercise of the criminal.

When it is due to circumstances, those circumstances should be removed.

CRIMINOLOGIST.

FLOGGING NO USE.

"A VICTIM" had better read a little criminology—for instance, Mr. Henry Salt's "Flogging Craze"—before screaming for the cat. Punishments, being cheap and handy, have been tried for thousands of years, and no kind of crime has ever been made to cease through them.

The community gets the criminals it deserves. TAB CAN.

NERVOUS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE present increase in crime makes those who live in isolated and wooded districts feel alarmed.

No one is safe, apparently, nor is robbery the excuse. It may be nervous, and the naturally nervous are almost panic-stricken if necessity causes them to be on the country roads alone.

It would be beneficial to revert to the Mosaic Law: the grimness of the penalty for all crime would then surely act as a deterrent.

And country districts have not adequate police protection, as a rule. L. M. O. Bredhurst, Kent.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I HEARTILY agree with "A Victim's" suggestion in your columns to-day for the revival of the cat-o-nine-tails as a method of "correction" for certain crimes.

Reading in your paper of the "fiendish" cruelty of a man (if one can call him such) to a dog, I venture to suggest that, as well as "feeling" in his pocket for the fine, he should also "feel" the error of his ways in a practical manner—i.e., the same torture he inflicted on the helpless animal would not be inappropriate—or the "correction" named. A HATER OF CABS.

LIONELFOOT ON PALMISTRY.

MR. LIONEL WHITE's article in to-day's *Daily Mirror* entitled "Why Not Fair Play for Ghosts?" evokes a responsive wish on the part of those interested in supernatural phenomena that there might indeed be fair play for all things psychic, including mediums and palmists.

At the present time a great number of people are taking vital interest in these matters from widely different reasons—some are seeking comfort for bereavement; others adventure as pioneers into what they think may prove a new realm of scientific discovery. It seems, therefore, both cruel and absurd that the instruments of their need—the mediums, palmists, etc., should be banned, persecuted, and as far as possible kept out of their reach.

Why should a fussy and interfering law doom those who desire the psychic to prohibition—muzzling mediumship and going Lionelfoot on palmistry? EXPLORER.

BOYS' DRESS.

I DO not quite agree with "B. H." that the real childhood of British youth depends upon the wearing of the Eton coat. But I do agree with him that it is a great pity that the Eton collar is not as generally worn as it was some years ago, and I would regret to see it becoming obsolete.

A number of years ago Eton collars were very much more commonly worn than they are to-day, and boy's dress was much more elegant and smarter in appearance than it is to-day. At that time the average boy up to fifteen or sixteen, and sometimes older, was dressed in an "Oxford," a "Norfolk," or a "military" suit, the jacket of which was buttoned up to the neck underneath a deep Eton collar.

A boy never looked smarter than when dressed in a Norfolk or in a black-braced military suit, worn with deep Eton collar and white cuffs and a round polo cap of same material as the suit.

AN OLD BOARDING-SCHOOL BOY.

I AM one of those who much deplore the slovenly way in which the majority of our present-day lads are permitted by their parents to present themselves in public. I have under my charge three grandsons, ages from twelve to sixteen. Now, although whilst on holidays I permit a certain latitude in the case of week-day attire, on Sundays I insist on the top-hat and correct Eton dress being worn by them, thereby upholding the best traditions of boyish smartness. Etcetera.

SHORTER LETTERS.

From Father to Son.—Distant relatives of mine have held a certain farm in Bedfordshire for nearly 400 years, either in direct succession of son from father, or brother from brother. I should be interested to know if this record can be beaten.—H. W. WILLIAMSON.

"Another Cold."—Avoid it by taking first every morning a hot bath and immediately after a cold sponge, with rain water if possible, for the cold. Don't muffle too much and don't wear tight-fitting under-clothes.—J. W. MACCLURE.

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 4.

BACK FROM THE HONEYMOON; HOUSELESS, THEY INSTALL THEMSELVES AT AN HOTEL.



HOW DOES ONE GET A HOUSE? GO TO AN AGENT, I SUPPOSE.



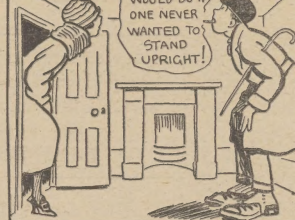
TO BE SOLD FINE RES. I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT TWO HUNDRED A YEAR, FIVE HUNDRED PREMIUM



WHAT A BEASTLY HOLE!



THIS FLAT WOULD DO IF ONE NEVER WANTED TO STAND UPRIGHT!



THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY



The honeymoon over, the search for a house begins. And we all know what that means, even if they don't! It is the first difficulty, and it brings about the first quarrel.—(EY W. K. HASelden.)

been far cheaper to buy a more expensive article that would wear well. A pair of stockings at 3s. 11d. is dearer than a pair at 6s. 11d., for the simple reason that the cheaper pair go into holes sometimes before they have even been washed, and once the holes start the days of the stockings are numbered.

It is better to pay the higher price, and then, even, to strengthen the toes and heels by darning over them, as our grandmothers were wont to do. A stocking treated in this way has a long and holeless life.

It is false economy to go about in shoes that need resoling, for it frequently ends in a bad cold, or worse, and the doctor's bill and medicine cost a good deal more than having the shoes mended, even at present prices.

The mother of a family is often apt to deny herself in food, so that there shall be plenty to go round. She eyes the joint with an anxious air, and carves off a tiny morsel for herself, arguing inwardly that she can "make out" with potatoes and bread. She calculates the fish to a nicety, but leaves herself out of the calculation, with the result

laugh at them, but what a world of wisdom and common sense lies behind their homely teaching!

A wise woman once said to me: "I always put a dress by when it is old-fashioned, for I find that eventually it comes back into fashion and only requires a very little alteration." A foolish woman said to me: "I sell my dresses when they are out of date, but I scarcely get anything for them!" How thankful many of us have been to our grandmothers and great-grandmothers for the trunks full of dresses they laid by; dresses of such beautiful material, far superior to anything we can afford, even if we could obtain it, nowadays!

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 22.—Ivy is one of our most valuable garden climbers, for it will quickly cover unsightly buildings and walls with attractive foliage. The commoner kinds, however, should not be planted in choice, sunny positions, for here the climatis, tender roses and shrubs, like ceanothus, should be cultivated.

Ivy to be seen at its best should be sheared over early in the spring. E. F. T.

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Lot 43 UMR.—Cream Winceyette Nightdress, trimmed Torchon Lace and Insertion. Sale Price **9/11**

Lot 11 UMR.—Peasant-made Nightdress in Nainsook, trimmed Torchon Lace and Muslin Insertion. Sale Price **5/11**

Lot 46 UMR.—Peasant-made Combinations, in Longcloth, trimmed Embroidery. Sale Price **4/11**

Lot 47 UMR.—Peasant-made Combinations, in Nainsook, trimmed Lace and Muslin Insertion. Sale Price **5/1**



Lot 70 UMR.—Peasant-made Knickers in Nainsook, trimmed Valenciennes Lace. Sale Price **2/9**

Lot 71 UMR.—Peasant-made Knickers in Longcloth, trimmed Swiss Embroidery. Sale Price **3/9**

Lot 515 QMR.—Washing Taffelene Petticoat, Vandyck Pleated Flounce, with Hemstitching at Head of Flounce, in White, Pink, Sky, Champagne, Heliotrope, Old Rose, Navy or Black. Sale Price **11/9**



3/31 Women's, Elastic Waist.

4/3 O.S. Open Shape. Elastic Waist.



No. 233 UMR.—Ladies White Morice Nightdresses, turned-down Collar, trimmed Lace, smocked at wrist. Women's size only. Sale Price **12/6**

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Lot 626 YMR.—Lined Glass Tea Pantry, Basin, and Housemaids' Cloths. Size 22 x 32in. Sale Price 19/11 per doz.

Lot 627 YMR.—Better Quality. Size 24 x 34in. Sale Price 26/9 per doz.

Lot 628 YMR.—Superior Quality. Size 24 x 34in. Sale Price 29/8 per doz.

Lot 644 YMR.—Afternoon Tea Cloths, etc. Real Madeira Handwork, on Fine Linen. Each. Size. 14x24in. oblong. 7/6

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MOTORIZING ABROAD WITH LIGHT CARS.

CHARMS OF CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES FOR ALL.

By CAPTAIN P. A. BARRON.

This very interesting article shows that the motor-cycle with sidecar has brought Mont Blanc, Lake Geneva and Rome within reach of holiday-makers of moderate means.

THE women of Great Britain are this year showing a stronger desire to travel abroad than ever before. I think it is quite understandable. During the war period they received letters from their menfolk in all parts of the world. Their thoughts were directed to other lands and other climates.

Now the men have come home and they cannot keep up a conversation without mentioning France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Russia, Italy, or some other land in which they saw strange sights, heard unfamiliar languages, and so learned something of the world in which they live.

Those women who remained at home feel that they are out of touch. They have listened to "Songs of Araby and Tales of far Cathay" so often during the last year that they have become restless.

Among motorists the desire to travel beyond the limits of Great Britain is more noticeable than among any other class. In the case of the men one may find many who would be content to remain at home for the next few years, but it is extremely doubtful if their womenfolk will allow them to do so.

Maps that had not been scanned since school days have become worn in recent years, and women who live in a more spacious atmosphere than in old times are beginning to realise that the places about which the men are talking are only just across the way.

TWO HUNDRED MILE RADIUS.

It is really quite interesting to spread out a map of Europe and to describe a few circles on it with a compass.

If one places one point, let us say, on London, and the other on Plymouth, one may draw a circle that includes a good deal of Northern France, Paris, about half Belgium, including Brussels, and a very interesting portion of Holland.

This circle has a radius of two hundred miles. In the London-Exeter run at Christmas time, in which many women took part, more than three hundred miles were covered in twenty hours, at the legal speed of twenty miles an hour, with ample intervals for meals. The comparison is striking.

Most motorists, when they set out upon a little tour, reckon that one hundred miles each day will be a very moderate average, as it means only five hours travelling at the legal limit, say a couple of hours before lunch and three before dinner.

This is travelling in a very leisurely manner indeed, but it means that in a ten-days' jaunt one has covered 1,000 miles.

If one refers to the map again and draws upon it a circle with a radius of 1,000 miles, with London as the centre, one finds that it includes all France, practically the whole of Spain and Portugal, all of Switzerland, and Italy as far south as Naples.

ALPINE PASSES OPEN TO ALL.

When these facts have been realised, it is not surprising that the ambition to see something of other countries is aroused.

The motorist argues that it does not matter much where he goes so far as expense is concerned.

It will cost him about the same in running expenses to trundle his car to Scotland as to steer it to the Swiss Alps.

Mont Blanc, Lake Geneva, Rome, Madrid. The mere names sound like poetry to every properly constituted Englishman and Englishwoman. Yet before the world-shaking period through which we have passed broadened their views what a surprisingly small proportion seriously thought of realising their dreams of foreign travel.

Mechanical science has given them the means of making their dreams come true.

Many still think that motoring on the Continent is a luxury that only the very rich may enjoy. This is by no means correct.

A modern £400 light car, or even a £200 motor-cycle and sidecar will travel anywhere within the radius I have mentioned.

Two thousand-guinea cars will be more comfortable, and the owners may spend more at hotels, but the little vehicles long ago proved their ability to go anywhere.

Alpine passes will not balk them. There is to be a six-days reliability trial among the Alps next July, which will make a number of people realise what even the least expensive motor vehicles can do.

THE GIRLS ARE SCORING ALL THE TIME!

MODERN LIFE FAVOURS THE FAIR SEX.

By HELEN HERRICK.

DO girls get the best of it? I say unhesitatingly that in many cases they do.

It is commonly supposed that the eldest son or the boys of the family enjoy more privileges, but to my way of thinking it is the girls who come in for the best time.

We have all heard how in Victorian days parents owning modest estates and fortunes pinched and scraped in order that the eldest son might have the best education, and have every opportunity of making a mark in the world. That was called "keeping up the honour of the family."

The daughters didn't count. They were only women, and if there was little money left over for their education after the needs of the boys had been supplied it did not matter. They would probably marry and make good wives. If not, they had the solace of their samplers.

Times have greatly changed. The girl of to-day must be given as good an education as her brothers. She considers it her right and demands it.

She cultivates expensive tastes and sets out to gratify them. If she is attracted by an elegant garment that is beyond her means, she will probably buy it and trust to her feminine ingenuity to placate her father or her brothers when the bill comes in. She does manage to make them pay, too, with a smile, in nine cases out of ten.

Her brother, however, is less fortunate.

Possibly he has seen a motor-cycle or a small car which he longs to possess, but which

is not within his financial reach. "What does he want with such things?" his father will ask when the subject is mentioned. "When I was a lad I walked to work every day and was thankful to do it!"

Again, there will come a time of his "best girl." Naturally enough he wants to take her out and give her a good time. He will intimate to his father that under the circumstances he finds his expenditure is doubled.

He has to pay for the privilege of being somebody's "best boy," whilst his sister enjoys the pleasure of being somebody's "best girl" without any sacrifice to her own pocket or that of her parents.

On the other hand, should he apply to them for a little extra to meet the demands on his pocket, he is told he is unreasonable.

Nobody ever suggests that his sister is unreasonable. A half-joking reproach is her lot if her demands are excessive; she, dear child, doesn't know the value of money yet!

Her brother, who has seen her spend it on one or two occasions, is inclined to other opinions.

It is not that the boys are the least bit selfish. They are glad that their feminine relations are getting most of the good things from life—but they have a grumble, and what male member of a family has not?—and that is, that whilst they endeavour to cope cheerfully with the extra burden of expense which is theirs, they are inclined to feel sore when their sisters sit by and sigh—for the privileges of mankind.

It was ever thus. We are always inclined to regard the privileges possessed by others as greater than our own.

But I think at heart girls know they score all the time.



A DIPLOMATIC DELAY.—After a lapse of five years the goods and chattels of the Austrian Ambassador are being delivered to the Embassy in Portland-place.

GOOD LUCK FOR SECOND-HAND DEADHEADS

ONE GOOD TURN THAT DESERVES ANOTHER.

By DRAMATICUS.

NOW does the undoubted slump in theatre-going give the humble but hardworking deadhead his chance.

Unmistakable "paper" begins to appear in the stalls and dress circles of even the most successful theatres. But even more to be dreaded than the deadhead paper is what may be called the secondhand deadhead.

The first-named practitioner at least, has the courage to make application direct to the manager of the theatre. The other kind makes life a burden to everybody whom he or she knows to be in a position to get seats at theatres.

Once let this kind know that you are through your influence with the theatrical folk in a position to obtain free seats and you are a marked man.

Flight to the United States, and better, some spot where there is no extradition treaty, alone can save you.

And as Mr. Kipling so beautifully remarks, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

To give her tickets only whets her appetite. You are now labelled "Man Who Gets Theatre Tickets" in her mind, and she never thinks of you except in connection with slips of paper with figures on and stamped "Complimentary."

Women are never averse from riding a willing horse to death, and the more willing he is the harder they flog him.

Men have more shame—more delicacy. A

man will argue, "I can't ask So-and-so for seats again so soon. He gave me a couple only last week."

A woman argues in the precisely opposite way. She thinks, "So-and-so gave me a couple of seats last week; surely he'll give me a couple for something else this week."

This is the way in which the average woman's mind works. One sees it in many other situations in life.

I am sometimes asked by a woman friend to get seats for a piece which I have very good reason to know she has already seen.

"Want to see it again?" I ask, suspiciously. Experience teaches guile to the most simple.

"Oh, no," she says, sweetly. "I want them for a friend of mine, who hardly ever goes anywhere, poor dear!"

So I am to ask my friend the manager for tickets to give to Mrs. A. in order that she may hand them over to Mrs. B, an unknown friend whom I have never seen and am never likely to.

This is overdoing it, as the culprit said to the executioner who cut off both his ears instead of only one.

But it has been very often done so.

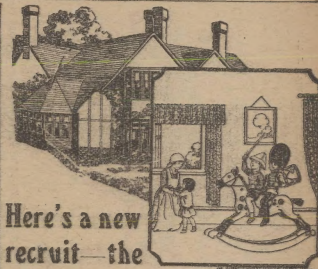
Once a woman friend calmly explained that she wanted some seats for something—anything would do.

"Well, what do you want to see?" I not unreasonably inquired.

"Oh, I don't want them for myself. But that dark man in the provisions at Sellar's Stores has been so very good in letting me have extra butter that I want to do something for him!"

What she really meant was that she wanted me to do something for him.

I think I will leave it at that.



Here's a new recruit—the Drummer!

SONNY enlists the Drummer in his playtime army—Mother takes the cue. And why? Because she knows quite well how often and how easily the Kiddies' "uniforms" can be given a changed appearance. With the Drummer in the ranks old "kits" are made to look like new ones—and all for a few coppers too! No mess, no fuss, but just a simple operation and the result is almost magical.

DRUMMER DYES

One Dye for ALL Fabrics—so easy to use

Can be obtained in any colour. Be sure to see the little Drummer and pay no more than the price printed on the packet. Try Drummers on the following:—

Casement Curtains, Loose Covers, Cushion Covers, Tea Caddies, Table Covers, Blinds, Chintzes, Tapestries, D'Oylies, Duchess Sets, Valances, Frocks, Overall, Children's Clothes, Blouses, Hats, Bows, Feathers, Ribbons, Scarves, Stockings, Pinafores, Ties, etc., etc.

Drummer Dyes are sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. An entirely British product.

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Use it on your Hands and Face last thing at night and you never need worry about your appearance.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(With Glycerine)

is a natural skin food and emollient, which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework, red and roughened hands, &c. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work must be done, but you can use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and delicate whiteness.

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PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOND" which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT!
Boxes, 1/-

WELSH MINER'S MODEL OF A COLLIERY.



Mr. Mead, a Welsh miner, putting the finishing touches to the working model of a colliery which he has constructed. The model, which took seven years to finish, will be exhibited in London shortly.



QUEUES FOR FIREWOOD.—Owing to the coal shortage queues now form up outside London sawmills to buy scrap timber, which is sold at 2d. a basket. The pictures show a queue, armed with sacks, waiting outside a Peckham sawmill, and four children who were just in time to get the last lot. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)



UP AND OVER.—A porter of the hotel at Gjeilo, in Norway, where everyone moves about on skis, negotiates a wire fence with considerable ease, despite his heavy load.



Mr. Asquith, chosen by the Paisley Liberal Association as their candidate for the vacancy caused by the death of Sir J. Macdonald.



spite his heavy load. On the right is seen a snow-plough at work clearing away from the road the soft snow which covers the country districts.

IN NEWS



Dr. George Banks, medical officer of health for Wick, who has just obtained his diamond jubilee in his profession. He will be 65.



Miss May Stewart Taylor, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Taylor, (now deceased) married Mr. A. J. Taylor, and is now in London.

HAIG ON THE "G"



Earl Haig at Manchester, where he received the opinion that from the date of the first Allied victory, yet many times the gambler's throw brought



A SPARKLING EFFECT.—Dove-grey taffeta shot with green and ruby tones forms this evening dress. The shoulder straps are studded with brilliants.



It's a bit chilly taking in the mill. Of course, if it rains our hats get on : and no expense



A HINT TO THE HOME HUNT.—Residents of Catford a pantomime finished interior in which breakfast were, however, disappointed to

BLER'S THROW."



the city. He said that though many were of
harm the ultimate defeat of Germany was cer-
to the border line between failure and success.

TO WED



Mr. John Harman Echeley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Echeley, of Borden, Tex., who is to marry Miss Beryl Viola St. Clair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. St. Clair, of Dallas, Tex., at 10 o'clock, Jan. 24.

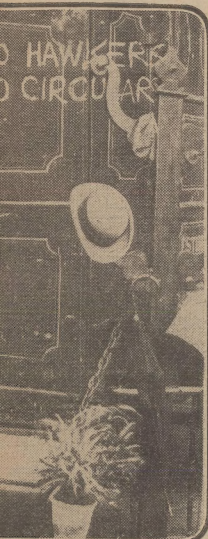


Miss Beryl Viola St. Clair, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. St. Clair, of Dallas, Tex., who is to marry Mr. John Harman Echeley, of Borden, Tex., at 10 o'clock, Jan. 24.

STREET DAMS TO STEM RHINE FLOODS.



Building a dam in a Cologne street in an attempt to keep the roads open to traffic. It will be noted that the far end of the road is almost dry again.



tomorrow, but father does not. I think of the compensations, take in the garden and move removal either.



"ARMS AND THE MAN." — Mr. Robert Lorraine as Captain Bluntschili in George Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," at the Duke of York's.



The N.A.C.B. premises at Cologne flooded out.



A typical scene in a Cologne street.

Swollen by continual rainfall, the Rhine is still rising and is causing desolation in the flooded regions of Bonn and Cologne. The authorities are taking energetic measures to cope with the growing evil. The floating objects in the right-hand lower picture are packets of cigarettes washed out of the shop on the left.



Mr. George Bedwell, who has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for rescuing a woman from drowning at Rochester.

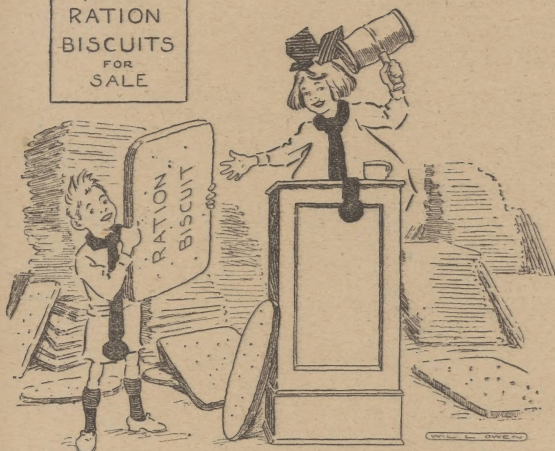


TO AID ARMENIA.—Scenes from a series of classic poses and a play, "The Birth of Fire" (on right), held at Farnham, in aid of Armenian and Serbian

children. "The Birth of Fire" is one of a series of plays without words composed by the late Comdr. Maitland Waterlow, R.N.A.S.

The Cocoa Nibs.
Adventure No. 9.

DISPOSAL
BOARD
RATION
BISCUITS
FOR
SALE



Taking the Biscuit

"These Biscuits," cried the Cocoa Nibs,
"Are twice as tough as deal!
"You smash them with a hammer, or
"You crack them with your heel.
"Yet, somehow, Rowntree's Cocoa turns
"These biscuits to a meal."

(To be continued.)

R. ARKELL.



A cup of Rowntree's turns a Biscuit
into a Meal—it's so nourishing.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
CIGARS.—Special purchase: 20,000 high-class Mexican
cigars: 50s. per 100, 25s. 50; post paid; approval;
cash with order.—J. Smith, Government Contractor, Ross
Works, Bradford East 25 years.
41 D. per Oz!!! Smoking Mixture (splendid herbal);
sample or 6d., post free; 4oz., 1s. 10d.; 8oz., 3s. 6d.;
1lb., 6s. 6d., post paid.—A. E. Cooke, 36, Appleby-road, Gt.
Yarmouth.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

RAYLEIGH and Billerica.—Plots wanted on every estate
V. and acres for sale.—Send particulars and plans to
W. E. Mountain, Old Bank Buildings, Billerica.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

A T Lady Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas extraction: 2s.
Teeth at Hospital Prices.—Write Miss Gordon Mac
524, Oxford-street, Marble Arch. Phone Mayfair 5559.

WHEELS, VEHICLES, HAND TRUCKS, ETC.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
CHILD'S Pedal Motor.—Complete set underworks to
make at home. 32s. 6d., 34s. 6d., 37s. 6d., etc., with
detailed diagram for making Body of Car and mounting.
Suit child up to 8 or 9 years of age. 25,000 Wheels in
stock, all kinds and sizes. The Pedal Car Works (Est.
1880), Dept. 14, 68, New Kent-road, London. Close early
Saturday. Phone Hvy. 2322. Lists free.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOFORTES.—Before you buy a piano or player-piano
write for a copy of our practical installation plan.—
Moore and Moore, 61, Albion House, New Oxford-street,
W.C.1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1838.

DRESS.

LACE.—Large range, 2s. 6d.; 4s. 6d. Splendid pair
of 100% gloves free.—(D. M.), Weddle, Heathcoat
street, Nottingham.

Extreme Nervous Anæmia

Weak, Bloodless, and Dyspeptic. Restored
to Sound Health by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Foster, of 20, Trafford Street, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, says: "I'm sure Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. For years I had been anæmic, but about two years ago I became so seriously ill that I really thought I was going to die. There was no strength in me at all, and how I dragged about I don't know. The anæmia had become so bad that I would go absolutely white. The blood seemed to leave my veins entirely, and I looked like a dead thing. After these attacks I simply collapsed. At all times I was weak, and my digestion so feeble that everything I ate caused pain. I was a bundle of nerves, too, afraid to go to bed because I could not sleep, or if I did was sure to have nightmare. I dreaded being left alone."

"I had good medical advice, and was always taking medicine, but I only seemed to get worse, till one day my little girl urged me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. From that time my health improved, and steadily I grew stronger. It was really wonderful how Dr. Cassell's Tablets built me up. Now I feel twenty years younger, and so strong and well that I can do all my work without fatigue."



Mrs. Foster

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES
1/3 and 3/-

(The 3/- size being the more economical.) Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown Kidney Trouble
Nerve Paralysis Indigestion
Neuritis Wasting Diseases
Neurasthenia Palpitation
Sleeplessness Vital Exhaustion
Anæmia Nervous Debility
Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

FREE
INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester, England.

Acne & Pimples

Germolene Ensures Soft Beautiful Skin Because
It Cures By Latest Aseptic Methods.

Germolene is an Aseptic remedy, which means a cleansing remedy. In this it is unique. Old-fashioned preparations aimed at destroying germs but left the bad matter behind to work out as pimples and other skin eruptions. Germolene excludes germs, draws out all poisonous or toxic matter, and promotes natural and rapid restoration of skin-health and beauty. The disfiguring appearance of acne soon gives place to soft purity of complexion when Germolene is used, because this incomparable remedy frees the skin from the clogging impurities which cause acne.

The Power that Rules the Skin

One of the active principles in Germolene is the extract of a North American plant, long used by the native races as a remedy for snake bite and poisoned wounds, and combined with this are healing principles of proved efficacy.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is the proved home remedy for skin troubles including



Eczema
Skin Rashes
Acne and Pimples
Burns and Scalds
Poisoned Wounds
Cuts and Bruises

Bad Legs
Old Sores
Stings and Bites
Ringworm
Prickly Heat
Piles or Haemorrhoids

Price in
Great Britain 1/3 per
tin.

From Chemists and Shoppers everywhere. Larger and more economical size, 3s. Ask always for Germolene, and refuse every substitute or imitation. There is nothing just as good.

Sole Distributors: THE VENO DRUG CO., Ltd.
Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, England.



Miss Helen Oakes is engaged to Mr. C. R. Mackenzie, son of Col. Mackenzie, of Bracknell, Herts.



The Countess of Liverpool, whose husband's term as Governor of New Zealand will be extended.

MR. ASQUITH'S CHANCES.

Have the Liberals a Future Policy?—"Little Willie's" Latest Attitude.

I FOUND CONSIDERABLE division of opinion in the clubs last night as to the result of the coming by-election at Paisley, where Mr. Asquith is standing in the Liberal interest. Calculations are complicated by the report that, in addition to the Labour man, a strong local candidate may stand as an Independent, who would receive the support not only of the Unionists, but also of a good many Coalition Liberals.

Future Liberal Policy.

At the last election the Liberal scraped in by a majority of 116, but as 16,000 electors did not go to the poll it does not give much of a clue to the result of the coming contest. We may hear, by the way, some interesting announcements as to future Liberal policy from Mr. Asquith next week.

His House in Order.

I hear that now Mr. Lloyd George has returned the Coalition will have its organisation very thoroughly overhauled. Much more depends on Paisley than the return or defeat of Mr. Asquith.

No Cabinet Quarrel.

The reports that there is disagreement between the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill regarding British policy in Russia are, I am reliably informed, without any foundation whatever.

Those 200,000 Troops.

Further, there is no truth in the statement so freely circulated that Great Britain has agreed to send 200,000 troops to Russia. A very small force is being sent.

A "General" Election.

If General Townshend decides to put up for the Swindon Division he will do so as a Liberal. He will have a good chance, politicians say, though the seat is at present held by a Coalition Unionist, Sir Frederick Young.

Little Willie Brightening Up.

I hear from Wieringen that the ex-Crown Prince has become cheerful since he heard his name was "not on the list," and now he insists on being addressed as "Highness." His proletarian sympathies are vanishing—as these poses do vanish.

The Office of Works and Stonehenge.

The information that H.M.'s Office of Works is busily engaged in "restoring" Stonehenge has, I understand, come as something in the nature of a shock to certain bodies and individuals who interest themselves in such precious monuments. Of course, everything may be, and probably is, all right, but at the same time one may be allowed to hope that Sir Alfred Mond has had the soundest advice.

A Chair of Radiology.

I hear that an appeal to the public is likely to be issued shortly for the purpose of raising funds to found an institute for X-ray research. It is also hoped that it may be possible to found a Chair of Radiology at one of the universities in memory of the late Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, the distinguished X-ray specialist, who died last year.

Rhodes Scholars.

I do not know what the late Cecil Rhodes would think of the increased cost of living were he on earth now. But I do know that candidates for Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford have been warned that owing to this the scholarship of £200 is no longer sufficient for the year's expenses. Rhodes Scholars in future must have "private means" to the extent of £50 or so.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Big Deal.

It is reported that the purchasers of the Chapstow National Shipyard will take over as well the ships on the stocks there. They alone are said to be worth one and a half millions sterling.

Popular Poultry Lessons.

A correspondent tells me that soldiers awaiting demobilisation are given practical lessons in poultry rearing. The poultry instruction classes are apparently very popular with the men, many of whom intend to start poultry farms when they are demobbed.

Unknown Bridegroom.

"My name's Grogan," explained Lt.-Col. G. W. St. George Grogan, V.C., D.S.O., C.M.G., C.B., as he struggled through an enormous crowd who had come to see him married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. He arrived with his best man, Brig.-Gen. Aspinall, D.S.O. The bride, Miss Ethel Elger, was a little early, and hid behind a red curtain attended by a maid, who arranged her beautiful Brussels veil round her. She was given away by her father.

Who Were There.

In church I noticed the Hon. Lady Tron, Brig.-Gen. Reginald Oxley, Admiral Sir Herbert and Lady Mabel King-Hall, Colonel Luckock, Sir Heath Harrison, Lady Hotham with a daughter, Sir John and Lady Ogilvie Wedderburn, Lady MacKenzie, and others.

K.C.'s Daughter Weds.

At Brompton old Parish Church Miss Marjorie Elizabeth Macleod, daughter of the well-known K.C., was married to Mr. John Lonsdale Trotter. She was attended by one bridesmaid in flaming copper and two little angels. Lady Bosanquet and Sir Marriott and Lady Cook were among the spectators, and Prebendary Gough officiated.

A Living Cake.

Lady Huntington, Sir Ian Colquhoun and General Feilding mounted the platform at the British Empire Ball and sacrificed half an hour of their dancing time to judge the costumes. Well did the winner deserve her prize, for she went as a wedding-cake in iced layers, and so could not dance. With her (mere attendants!) were the bride and bridegroom.

Favours for Favourites.

You could obtain absurd toys and favours there, so the dancers blew "Kaiser's noses" at you, jingled jolly bells or threw confetti. General Sir Edward Balfour, dressed in his regiment's uniform of the time of Malplaquet, and Colonel Mitford, of the Gordon Highlanders, came in for much attention of this sort from masked and disguised "subs."

The Hon. Nurse

Lady Incheape, whose youngest daughter was married the other day to that rising diplomatist, Mr. Eugen Mellington Drake, turned her house into a hospital during the war. So impressed was the mother of one of the patients with the arrangements that, turn-



Lady Chapman, whose husband, the Earl of Harrowby, has gone to India.



Lady Frances Ryder, with her father, the Earl of Harrowby, has gone to India.

ing to the pleasant nurse, she said, "When I come again I'll bring you a cake." The nurse, who was Lady Incheape's daughter in uniform, thanked the mother heartily.

A Walter Greaves Dinner.

Eight years ago Mr. Walter Greaves, Whistler's pupil, jumped into fame overnight when his unknown talent was suddenly and unexpectedly revealed at the Goupil Gallery. Since then little has been heard of the aged artist, who appears to be in straitened circumstances. I hear that some of his admiring brother artists propose to honour him by a dinner at the Florence on February 10.

Save Our Pockets.

So many appeals are made to us to provide food and clothing for the distressed people in Europe that I welcome the suggestion being made informally to neutral States during the war that they might come to the rescue. After all, we have our own post-war troubles!

The New University Club.

The latest move in clubland is, I understand, the decision by the New University Club to sell their house in St. James'-street on the important corner site by Arlington-street. There once stood an eighteenth-century inn there, and the New University to this day possesses some of its silver and china, I believe. The club will probably move into an old town mansion near by.

To Heal, Sir!

Heels, a woman-friend tells me, are quite vitally important in the fashion world of today. It is no longer "done" to wear them black, but of coloured suede to match the gown. Scarlet heels are popular, so are mauve suede and jade suede.

In the Swim.

And would you believe it—just back from Paris, the same girl tells me that the great dressmakers are already planning the bathing gowns of 1920. If you want to be in the swim this you will wear (if you are a



Miss Marjorie Bellairs, who, when knights were bold, to be credited with the "Scale" next week.



Miss Phyllis Cooper, who, when knights were bold, to be credited with the "Scale" next week.

woman and young! Gold and silver cloth is to make the tunic of the coming year, as well as blues and mauves shot with silver in a new process which water does not tarnish.

At the Merchant Adventurers.

Mrs. Basil Johnson is once more exhibiting some of her water-colour drawings, this time at the Merchant Adventurers in Sloane-street. Her subject is Swiss winter scenes. The exhibition is in aid of the Rugby Hospital, which is in sore need of funds. Mrs. Johnson, who is the wife of the Eton organist, is a daughter of the late Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford.

Russian Comedy.

M. Moscovitch tells me that when Gogol's comedy, "The Government Inspector," is produced at the Court he will be responsible for the Russian side of the production. The period is 1835, so we may expect something startling and interesting in the way of costumes. M. Moscovitch as the Inspector has a humorous part in which he never smiles.

An Actor's Day.

Mr. Barry Baxter is a busy man these days. I have just had a letter from him. He tells me that he is playing with Miss Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome" at the Criterion Theatre, New York, and also for the Vitaphone Films. Altogether, he is putting in fourteen hours a day.

The Big Fight.

The big fight between Joe Beckett and Dick Smith for the heavy-weight championship of Great Britain, which comes off on January 30 at the Albert Hall, is arousing the greatest interest. The Albert Hall people tell me that although they have been booking seats for only two days so far there is every likelihood of a record crowd of 10,000.

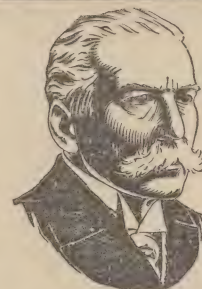
The Young "Subs" and Smith.

Many young officers from Woolwich, where Sergeant Dick Smith does his military duties, are his keenest supporters to-day. They intend to be present at the Albert Hall in force on the night of the 30th.

Forged Tickets.

I am advised, by the way, to give a note of warning against buying forged tickets for the fight. If you book at the Albert Hall itself you are certain of being all right.

THE RAMBLER.



M. Escoffier, the Carlton Hotel's famous chef, is the world's greatest authority on cooking. He has been chef to the most eminent Rulers and Statesmen of every nationality. The delicious sauces, pickles, etc., bearing his name are prepared under M. Escoffier's personal supervision.

ESCOFFIER SAUCE MELBA

THE WORLD'S BEST SAUCE FOR RICE, BLANCMANGES, FRUIT, MILK PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS, &c.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS BOTTLE

THE delicious Peach 'Melba' you liked so much in the smart West End Restaurants was originated by M. Escoffier. You can make this same delightful dish at home at practically no cost. Get a bottle of Escoffier Sauce 'Melba' and pour some of it over a few fresh or tinned peaches, and you have a perfect Peach 'Melba' in a few minutes. Try it to-day.



C.P.R. 4

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, has been married to **JEFFERY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom **LAURIE ROSS**, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations. **ALLISON LEE**, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford. **LESLIE STAFFORD**,—a young man who had at one time been engaged to Jeffery Stafford, from whom he had taken his name. Meg hears from Laurie that Jeffery Stafford intends to sue for divorce.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

"DIVORCE!" I whispered it with white lips, my eyes on my brother's embarrassed face, and there followed an unbroken silence. Laurie flicked uncomfortably. "Of course, I know it isn't true," he said in a tone of voice that flatly contradicted his words. "It only shows how careful you ought to be, Meg. You can't trust Leslie Stafford any more than you could a mad dog."

"You mean—it is the who has spread the report?" "Yes."

"Is that—all he said?" I asked stiffly. He shrugged his shoulders. "There was a lot more, but, as I say, I knew it wasn't true, and that everything was fictionally."

He turned slowly and looked at me. "Why—why, you told me that . . . that you and Jeffery had made it up, and that everything was all right," he said again.

I nodded. "I know—so I thought it was. Then—three days ago, I think it was in the evening, Jeffery came. . . . Some—Allison Lee—sent him a letter. . . . Anonymous letter, two letters! And he asked me to deny that what they said was true."

I stopped speaking and stared down at the carpet with dull eyes. I had always thought it rather a pretty pattern, but to-night it seemed as if every curve and line of it was a mouth grinning at my despair.

"Well—go on!" Laurie urged impatiently. "What did the letters say? I can't believe Allison wrote them. She was such a friend of yours. . . ."

"She never forgave me for marrying Jeffery. She said she would pay me out. . . . Oh, yes, she wrote them all right. I know her writing—and she never tried to disguise it at all. She—she just said that it would be as well for . . . him—to find out what I had been doing while he was away. . . ."

"Like a cheap shop girl, isn't it?" He frowned impatiently. "Well—well . . . you denied it, of course?"

"Yes, I did, and I think in the end he would have believed me, only . . ."

"I laughed again, though heaven only knows there was no laughter in my heart. 'Leslie was here—in my room all the time, you see, and Jeffery saw him, and then . . . then . . . well, that's all.'"

Laurie's face grew purple with indignation. "Leslie Stafford was here—in your room! You must be mad."

I looked across to my bedroom door. "Yes, he was in there. He was here with me when Jeffery came, so I asked him to go in there, because I knew what Jeffery would think if he saw us together; and then—then he came out, and—Jeffery saw him . . . and that's all."

"All!" My brother stood glowering down at me with furious eyes, and in the midst of all my misery it struck me as utterly absurd that after all that had happened he should sit now in judgment upon me.

"Yes, that's all," I said, "unless—as you say—he means to get a divorce. . . . I dare say he would be able to."

He caught me by the arm and shook me. "Do you realise what you're doing—what you'll lose?" he asked me savagely. "Leslie Stafford hasn't got a shilling in the world. How do you imagine you're going to live?"

"I've got Anthony's money."

"And you mean . . . you're going to keep that water?"

I did not mean anything of the sort, but it was too much effort to argue with him. "If Jeffery wants to divorce me he can," I said listlessly. "I shall try to defend myself. What does it matter anyway? I've had so much trouble already that a little more can't make any difference."

Laurie pushed me from him savagely. "You're a damned disgrace," he said fiercely. "The blood flew to my white face, but after the first moment of passionate rage it seemed too much trouble to even be indignant, and I answered indifferently."

"Well, then, we're a good pair, you and I," he strode away from me to the door, then came back irresolutely.

"Look here, Meg, for heaven's sake, pull yourself together and tell me the truth. Is it too late to patch things up? I'll do anything I can."

"Oh, . . . I know you will; anything to keep Jeffery's money in the family," I said bitterly. "But it's too late now, thank you. I think I'd rather like to be free again. I think in a way it would be a relief."

"Relief! . . . haven't you got any pride?" he asked hoarsely.

I turned the question over in my mind. "No, I don't believe I have," I said, after a moment. "I think I'm too much of a coward for you—without everything else I had to sacrifice."

"You're talking like the heroine in a cheap novelette," said my brother. He took up his hat. "Well, I'm off," he said brusquely. "I

came to say good-bye." He paused and added, "We're going to Australia next week."

I felt as if a cold hand had caught me by the throat. "You mean you're going to be—married?" I asked, with difficulty.

"Yes. . . . I got up and went across to him. 'Laurie—I hope you'll be very happy, dear.' He bit his lip, flushing angrily."

I've given up hoping for anything in this rotten world," he said, savagely, and he went away without a word or a good-bye kiss. . . .

Divorce! So that was to be the end of everything. It was an ugly word, and one which I had never dreamed of.

When Mary came into the room presently I told her what Laurie had said. "Mr. Stafford is going to divorce me."

She turned round and stared, the tears welling to her eyes. "Oh—my! my!" she faltered. "Yes, it sounds horrid, doesn't it," I said. "Won't everyone be pleased—Mrs. Stafford and Miss Lee, and all the other people who hate me?"

"But—but it's wicked; it's not fair," she said indignantly.

"No, I don't think it is, but what does it matter? We won't stay and face it, Mary; we'll run away without a word, and where we are going, and we'll never come back."

"And—Mr. Laurie?" she asked. "Surely he—"

"He's going to be married," I said. "He's going to be happy, he doesn't want me any more. Oh, Mary, don't cry, there's a dear," for she had burst into tears; "don't let's waste any more time crying. I've got no more tears left, so I warn you; let's pretend we don't care—it's so much more sensible."

I felt as cold as a stone and utterly without feeling. I got up the following morning and had breakfast in the dining-room as usual.

"I'm going out this morning. People shan't say that I'm afraid of them, anyway."

MR. ROBSON ARRIVES.

I PUT on my prettiest hat and coat and walked up to Regent-street. It was quite a mild morning, and the women on the island at Piccadilly had bunches of daffodils and violets in their baskets.

I looked in the shop windows and tried to believe that I was quite indifferent and happy. I lunched in a restaurant where I knew I might see some people I knew, and I was right—for lunching at a table but a stone's throw from mine was Mrs. Fryer.

I had never seen her since the night of the ball on Christmas Eve, and for one dreadful moment I wondered if she would cut me dead.

"My dear child!" she said, and there was something in her voice that sounded like deepest pity.

"I've been ill," I said hurriedly. "I look ill, too, don't I? Yes, I know everyone says that; but I shall be all right soon. I'm going abroad for the spring. How are you all? Well, I hope."

"Quite," she answered vaguely, and her eyes still searched my face with kindly suspicion.

"And your husband?" she asked hesitatingly. "Oh, he's very well," I said calmly. "I went to America just after we were married, you know, but he's back now; have you seen him?"

"No."

Conversation lagged after that, and I was glad when she left me. "Come and see me," she urged, "or may I come and see you? Meg, you never let me have your new address."

"Didn't I? I meant to! How forgetful! I'll write you. I promise I will."

"She did not look as if she believed me, but she kissed me before she went away, and so I supposed that she had heard nothing of my coming divorce."

Of course, Leslie would be made co-respondent! My cheeks burned as I thought of it. How dared they? How dared they, when I had never even liked him, save as an ordinary friend, when I hated him now as I had not thought it possible for me to hate anybody?

He had only kissed me once in his life, and that had been when I was miserable and utterly alone, and for that and a foolish friendship the whole of my life was to be ruined.

I spent as long as possible over my lunch, because I dreaded going back to the flat again and perhaps finding Leslie Stafford there. I could not understand his attitude towards me at all or what he hoped to gain by his actions.

Surely he was not mad enough to think that I should marry him? If I had my way I would never willingly set eyes on him again.

And then—just as I was leaving the restaurant—I saw him.

He did not see me. He was walking along the path just in front of me with a girl, laughing as if he had not a care in the world, smartly dressed and with a flower in his coat.

I looked after him with burning eyes. If the desire to kill him could have done so he would have fallen dead at that moment.

I had merely glanced at the girl beside him, but now I looked at her curiously.

She was fashionably dressed, but her face was hidden by a large, drooping hat, and yet, though I could not see her features, there was something vaguely familiar in her figure, and the affected manner in which she walked.

Where could I have seen her before, I wondered? And then, as if in answer to the question, she turned her head, and it was Isabel Farrow, the girl Laurie was so soon to marry.

In a way, I was hardly surprised to find that Leslie Stafford and my brother both frequented the same night clubs, and knew pretty much the same class of people, and yet there was something in the easy familiarity of her manner towards Leslie that struck me with a vague suspicion.

I did not want to follow them, at any rate, so I deliberately turned back, and, taking an omnibus from the opposite side of the street, went home.

Mary had evidently been looking for me, because she opened the door before I rang, and she said at once:—

"There is a gentleman to see you, ma'am. He has been waiting some time."

I caught my breath. "A gentleman! Who is it?"

"He gave his name—a Mr. Robson, ma'am. He said you would know, and that it was most important that he should see you."

"Robson?" I stood for a moment in the hall, trying to remember; then my cheeks grew suddenly warm. Robson was the name of Jeffery's solicitor, who had paid my cheques to me during my husband's absence.

I went across to the drawing-room and found him standing by the fire reading a newspaper. When he heard me enter he turned round and looked at me with rather abashed eyes.

"I am sorry you have had to wait," I said. "Please sit down."

I knew why he had come, of course, and I think I felt more sorry for him than I did for myself.

He was almost a young man with a very kind smile, not in the least the sort of man I had expected to find him, judging by the few formal communications we had passed between us, and all the time he spoke he fidgeted nervously with his watch chain.

"Mr. Stafford has sent you," I said, as he seemed to find it difficult to begin, and then as he coloured, I added: "Please, don't be afraid of hurting my feelings or anything—I've got past all that. You've come about . . . divorcing me."

Mr. Stafford understands that it is your wish to be free," was his reply.

I laughed at that. "It is kind of you to put it so considerably; but until yesterday morning, when my brother told me he had heard it rumoured, the idea had never entered my head. I suppose it ought to have done."

Mr. Robson looked distressed. "Mr. Leslie Stafford has informed my client that you will not defend the case," he said.

"I have never spoken to Leslie Stafford on the subject," I said with burning cheeks. I had thought myself quite indifferent to the whole horrible business, but now the very news with which this man spoke made me writhe with the shame of it all. What had he been told? I wondered wretchedly. How much did he know?

"I am going abroad within the next few days," I went on. "I don't know what is the correct thing to do. . . . I laughed in terrible nervousness. 'I've never had anything to do with a divorce before, you see, but—but I sup-

pose it will not matter if I am not here, will it?"

"If the case is undefended it will be given against you," he answered, not looking at me. "And Mr. Stafford wished me to say that any money you might require. . . ."

I stopped him with a quick gesture. "Thank you; please say no more," I said sharply.

Mr. Robson fidgeted uncomfortably. I had the curious feeling that in his heart he was very sympathetic towards me, and I said with my usual impulsiveness:—

"I suppose you won't believe me if I tell you that I'm quite innocent of—of whatever they've told you about me."

He did not answer at once, then he said quietly: "In that case, Mrs. Stafford, I should advise you to defend the case."

I drew back with a little shiver. "You mean get up in court and be questioned and humiliated and photographed by all the papers?" I asked. "And, of course, because I've got red hair, and am so much younger than Jeffery, nobody will believe a word I say."

I laughed shrilly. "No, thank you. I would rather be divorced fifty times over, and you can tell Jeffery so, if that is why he sent you here to-day."

He dropped his eyes, and, struck by something in his manner, I leaned a little towards him and asked again tensely: "Why did he send you here?"

There was the oddest silence before he answered, and then he said, almost apologetically, it seemed:—

"I am betraying a confidence, but the circumstances seem to me to warrant it, Mrs. Stafford. Your husband wished me to come here to try and discover whether—if you gain your freedom—your intention is to marry. . . ."

He stopped in embarrassment, and I laughed. "I don't intend to marry," I said. "The co-respondent! Don't be afraid to say it; I'm not!"

Then I sobbed suddenly, with a listless, weary feeling of indifference.

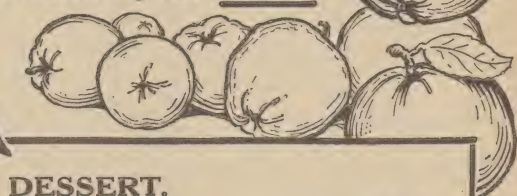
It would be interesting to know why he is so anxious to find out," I said, and he answered: "I am not at liberty to tell you. I am sorry."

"Then," I said, flushing indignantly, "you can tell Mr. Stafford that my business is no longer any concern of his, and that this is the last interview I will grant either to you or anyone else on the subject. He can do as he thinks fit. I shall not interfere."

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.

APPLES!

Buy direct from the grower
and see what you save



DESSERT.

COX'S ORANGE PIPPINS PER LB. 8d.

ALLINGTON PIPPINS

Packed in boxes of 12lb., 20lb., and 40lb.

COOKERS.

BRAMLEY SEEDLINGS PER LB. 5d.

LANE'S

Packed in boxes of 20lb. and 40lb.

CARRIAGE PAID.

CASH WITH ORDER.

Address—THE MANAGER,

SALEHURST FRUIT FARM,
ROBERTSBRIDGE, SUSSEX.

OWING TO THE ENORMOUS
SUCCESS OF

THE GOLDEN BALLOT,

Tickets 5/-

IN AID OF SETTLEMENTS FOR

Disabled Sailors and Soldiers

(Registered under the War Charities Act),

THE FOLLOWING CASH PRIZES HAVE BEEN ADDED
SINCE THE NEW YEAR:—

- 5 Prizes of £100.
- 10 Prizes of £50.
- 20 Prizes of £20.
- 100 Prizes of £10.

THERE ARE NOW

THREE HUNDRED VALUABLE
PRIZES,
INCLUDING

1st Prize: £2,500.

2nd Prize: £1,000 or Lease of a
London House.

3rd Prize: A Motor Car.

4th Prize: A Pearl Necklace, priced
at £900.

5th Prize: £500.

And 140 Additional CASH PRIZES to the
value of £2,550.

Also Furniture, Jewellery, Men's and Women's
Costumes to Order, Wines, Cigars, Cigarettes,
Trips Abroad, Weekly Luncheons, and Weekly
Flowers and Vegetables for a year.

Closing Date: April 29th, 1920.

Tickets, 5/- Each are now on sale at all
the Keith - Prowse
Offices, and at the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria
Street, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.;
at the Lep Aerial Travel Bureau, Piccadilly Circus
(Criterion Corner); and at 8, Marble Arch, between
the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

MANCHESTER OFFICE (for Callers only)—
Messrs. Finnigan's, Deansgate and Market Street.
LEEDS OFFICE (for Callers only)—27, Wade Lane.
HULL OFFICE (for Callers only)—92, Anlaby Rd.
ALL POSTAL APPLICATIONS should be ad-
dressed to Mrs. C. F. Leyel, 8, Marble Arch, W.1.

CUPON.—Write Plainly in Ink, and cross your
Postal Order.

Letters to be addressed to Mrs. C. F. Leyel
(Desk 89), 8, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

Please post to me tickets for

THE GOLDEN BALLOT, for which I enclose P.O.

value.....

NAME (in full).....

ADDRESS.....

Jan. 23, 1920.

Children's Dress

LITTLE FOLKS' FASHION FAIR.



Her little party frock is mate-
rialised in shell-pink char-
meuse, with a dainty lace
overslip.

BROWN leather and tweed
to match make smart
the top coat for the use of
the schoolboy. The leather
on the collar, cuffs, pockets
and belt makes the coat neat
as well as durable.

* * *

PINK PONGEE
was the pretty material of the
simple under-b blouse which
accompanied the navy blue
serge slip - on frock in
which a small girl went to
her kindergarten. A deep
belt of black patent leather
bound the waist and the
two patch
pockets which
perched them-
selves on the skirt part were
useful and effective.

* * *

A WHITE WOOL ROSE
was the charming trimming of
the smart little turban of
dark blue wool stitched with
white wool circles which
covered the flaxen curls of a
little maiden who walked
sedately in the Park with her
mother the other morning.

* * *

PINK FEATHER STITCHING
and embroidered scallops
were the trimmings of the
dainty little voile dress in
which little Miss Three-year-
old went so happily to a
small friend's party.

* * *

ACCORDION PLEATED
frills of georgette adorned the
neat little black velvet suit
in which a small boy
went to party. He was
particularly proud of
the four large oxidised
silver buttons which trimmed
each side of his tiny coat.

* * *

Hand embroidered ducks and
chickens adorn the collar, cuffs,
belt and pockets of his navy-
blue linen rompers.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 22.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
I wish I was Aladdin this morning,
so that, by rubbing a lamp, I could produce
a magic theatre, to seat thousands of chil-
dren, so that all the boys and girls who have
written such loving letters to Pip and
Squeak might have a free seat. You may
rest assured that I shall read through your
letters with the greatest care—my pets are
in tears at the thought that many of their
friends will be unable to go.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.



No. 16.—A Race for Life.

THE crashing sound in the forest grew louder
and louder, and an anxious look crept over
Ralph's face. "Got any cartridges?" he said
shortly, turning to Jack.

Before they had time to think out any plan
a huge elephant crashed through the trees on

ALWAYS "THINK TWICE" BEFORE STOPPING A FIGHT.



Pip learnt a valuable lesson yesterday morning when he tried to stop our cat fighting a neigh-
bouring pussy. As a result both cats turned on him and—he had to flee for his life.

H.M. THE KING to EMPLOYERS and EMPLOYED

"I am to express the King's hope
that both employers and employed
will lend their support to increase
the number of Savings Associa-
tions in the works and factories
throughout the realm."

INDUSTRIAL Savings Associations
are the fairest, simplest and "straight-
est" system yet devised to help workers
help themselves. During the war
they have been well-tried and organised,
and to-day there are over 11,000
Industrial Associations in existence.
They have won the joint approval of
employers and employed.

An Association can be started without
cost—and with very little trouble. A
Local Savings Committee exists in
your district for the express purpose of
helping you, and anybody else to form
Associations.

Please look further into this matter.
You are earnestly requested to write
at once for full particulars to the
Secretary, Local Savings Committee
(the name of the District alone is
quite sufficient address), or direct to

THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE,
SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4

HER DOCTOR ADVISED AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION FOR HAEMORRHOIDS.

but her case has now been cured by Nemolin,
writes a former sufferer living in Buxton (name
and full address on request). Thousands have
been cured both quickly and permanently by
using Nemolin. Soothing, healing, antiseptic,
odorless, non-astringent, convenient to use,
and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any de-
tention from business or social activities and
renders operations no longer necessary. Totally
different from any other treatment. At all
chemists, 3s. 6d. Certified proofs of effects in
thousands of specially difficult cases, also
authoritative professional endorsements which
must convince even the most discouraged, hope-
less and sceptical, sent post-paid on request. Or,
send 6d. for postage and packing, and we shall
forward, in plain sealed wrapper, a large free
supply, fully sufficient for a thorough trial.
Your money and all postage back without a
word if you are not delighted and amazed by
the results. Research Laboratories (Dept. 59),
67, Bolsover-street, London, W.1.—(Advt.)

FOR
COUGHS.

Orbridge's
Lung Tonic

FOR
COLDS.

DANCING.
FAIRFAX Hall, Dancing Academy, Portland-garde
Harrington.—Largest and most successful dance
classes in London: Fancy Dress Ball, Saturday, Feb. 14th.
PIC O' DANCES, Piccadilly Hotel.—Evg. dress or unifor
m 9.30-11.30. Ed. 2.15. 2.15. 2.15. 2.15.

'GENTLEMAN'S LIFE'

Sister Who Thought That Married Brother Should Not Work.

LADY DOCTOR'S DAMAGES.

Should a gentleman work? This question was raised in a letter read in the London Sheriff's Court yesterday, when Dr. Gwendoline Mary Cogswell, of Stoke-on-Trent, was awarded £25 damages against Mrs. Edith O'Neill, a widow, of Baron's Court-road, West Kensington.

Mr. Densham, for plaintiff, said that when her husband determined not to support her she was obliged to leave him, and for years had supported herself and child. Mrs. O'Neill was sister to the plaintiff's husband.

Counsel suggested that the defendant was indignant that Dr. Cogswell did not keep her husband as well as the child.

To the child the defendant wrote: "Your mother threatened to leave him (the father) unless he worked. He was brought up as a gentleman, so cannot do it. He is ill and wants a wife to look after him. She said she would drown herself if he did not marry her. Well, she married him. What more does she want? . . . Tell your mother your father in two weeks' time will be in the workhouse."

Counsel said the lady appeared to think it was a gentleman's duty to be a parasite, and added that when an action was threatened Mrs. O'Neill replied: "If Mrs. Percy wishes to wash her dirty linen in public let her do so. She is Welsh, I am English with a little bit of genuine Irish mixed. He was too ill to work, the Army would not have him, and she suggested he should work on the land. How the devil does she think a gentleman could work on the land?"

AUTHOR MARRIED.

Dr. Maurice Nicoll, author of "Lord Richard in the Pantry" and only son of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, of Hampstead, was married yesterday to Miss Catherine Jones, second daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Jones, of Mexico City, and Mrs. Jones, of Hastings.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

Important New British Invention.

SEND FOR ONE

TO-DAY.

TRY IT AT

HOME ON

APPROVAL.



Keeps Your Hair Always smart and Trim. Saves Valuable Time and Money.

This is the wonder-ful little instru-ment recently described by "The Daily Mail" as "The Barber in the Home."

Enables every man to cut his own hair and save the cost, time and trouble of visiting the Hairdresser. Mothers can cut children's hair. It is used exactly as when combing the hair. Nothing to learn. No skill required. Everman's British Safety Haircutters are the only entirely practical machine to cut satisfactorily the shortest hairs in the nape of the neck as well as the locks on the head.

The price is One Guinea, in case, with 6 extra blades. You can try it at the offices of the Company, or send One Guinea and your name and address for home trial on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

CALL OR WRITE TO-DAY.

Everman's British Safety Haircutters Co., Ltd.

Dept. 214, 45, Leinster Square, London, W.C.2.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL

A.1. STAINLESS Knives—Tables 22s., Desserts 20s. 1s. 6d.; samplers 7s. 6d.; buying direct saves 50 p.c. catalogue free—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield. A.2. supplied to H.M. Admiralty, White Turkish Towels 4s. 6d. by 24, 25s. doz. (worth 54s.); 6 for 17s. 6d. cash paid; sample, 3s. 6d. post free; write for Bargain List—W. Good, Central Dept., Uxbridge, Bucks.

BARGAINS Post Free—Watches, Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, etc., last free—John's Bargains Store, Hastings. YOUR boots will cost less if bought direct from where made; ladies' walking shoes 12s.; gent's boots 22s. 6d.; send for our illustrated catalogue—Lor's Footwear Company, Dept. D.M., Dalkeith-place, Kettering, Northampton.

PAWNBROKERS Bargains—Special Supplementary List of Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready; full list of 2,000 sensational bargains, new and second-hand, sent post free; send delay, write at once; it will save you pounds; all goods sent on 7 days approval.

25/6—Choice specimen magnificent set of Black Furs; forming shoulder cape, and large Pillow Muff; finest quality selected skins, rich and lustrous; £1 5s. 6d.; approval.

52/6—Handsome set of real Black Wolf Kid Furs; superb rich soft skins; elegant Animal Fange Stole; large brush tails; paws and heads complete; and extra large Animal Muff; £1 12s. 6d.; approval.

24/6—Baby Blue Garbeline, full 6yds. length, double width, superior quality; suitable for lady's costume or dress length; also 6yds. length, same quality, in sage and black; £1 4s. 6d. each; approval willingly.

21/-—Fair full size Blanche, exceptionally choice, superb quality; £1 1s.; approval before payment.

32/6—Baby's Long Clothes, choice quality; 30 articles everything required; wonderfully beautiful newest designs; expensive embroidered American robes, etc.; the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; bargain of loveliness; £1 12s. 6d.; approval.

34/6—Lady's 18-in. Gold-cased Expanding Watch Brace let; will fit and grip any wrist; stand up to a minute a month; week's free trial; £1 14s. 6d.

19/6—Gent's 18-in. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch; also Double Curb Albert, same quality, seal attached, perfectly new; week's free trial; complete; 12s. 6d.; approval.

7/9—Lady's Necklet, Heart Pendant attached; set Pearl and pearl and turquoise; 18-in. Gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case; 7s. 9d.; approval before payment.

12/9—Gent's Luminous Dial Keyless Lever Watch; time can be seen in the dark; nickel silver; 10 years' warranty; seven days' free trial; 12s. 9d.; approval.

18/6—Gent's Double Curb Albert, 18-in. Gold (stamped) filled solid links; 18s. 6d.; approval willingly.

25/5/-—Hornless Gramophone de Luxe; dainty draw-ing-room cabinet opera frame, with 10-in. turntable, powerful improved Guildhall sound box, with six 20-in. also tones; week's free trial; 25s. 5d.; approval.

26/15/-—Superior quality Double Barrel Hammer Gun, by good maker; 12-bore right modified and left full choke; rebounding locks; polished walnut pistol grip stock; worth double; week's free trial; 26/15s.

D. AVIS and Co., Dept. 13, Pawnbrokers, 36, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

Try it
yourself!



A New Fish

Guaranteed by Angus Watson.

You want a change, something different, something you have not had before, but you don't know what to try. Here is a new food, guaranteed by Angus Watson, proprietors of "Skippers." In Jack Tar King Fish you will find a complete change, and an economical and appetising food, and at less cost than Canned Salmon.

King Fish is the latest addition to the guaranteed Canned Foods offered by Angus Watson & Co., Limited. King Fish is a steak of choice California Tuna, without bone or skin, ready to eat, and delicious served as it is, or made into sandwiches or salads. It resembles the meat of Chicken in appearance and flavour.

Ask your Grocer to-day for

Jack Tar KING FISH

If he does not stock it send 1/2, with his name and address, and we will send you a can, post free.

GUARANTEED
by the SKIPPER

ANGUS WATSON & Co., Limited,
Ellison Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Cadbury's Chocolates

See the name "Cadbury"
on every Chocolate

MADE AT BOURNVILLE

C 38

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ART—How to Sketch for profit; stamp for free booklet.—

Art Studio, 125, Strand, W.C.2.

CINEMA—Beginners write. Expert advice free.—Kings

C. (the establ. firm), 3, Cranworth-gardens, Brixton.

STAGE and Cinema—Beginners; no exp.—Write (incl. env.), W. S. Peares, 23, Colei-gardens, W.14.

WANTED—Good single-handed Cook for Maidenhead;

two in family, 3 servants; tent; comfortable place;

wages, £40 to £45.—Hedcliffe, The Limes, College-avenue,

Maidenhead.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS by Post Secretly without your friends knowing;

£5 at 2s. mthly, £10 at 4s. mthly, £50 at 20s. mthly;

enclose stamp.—F. Isaac, 8, Minard-rd, Partick, N.B.

LOANS £20 upwards Advanced on simple promise to

repay, as I make no charge unless I lend money. I

invite you to inquire for terms.—M. Cohen (Actual Loan),

17, Southampton-st, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Phone

Museum 4192.

LOANS money by post or visit at small cost and without

any security; £10 upwards available now.—D. and H. L.

Phillips, 69, Regent-st, London, W.1.

£25 to £5,000 at Your Command.—For promptness in

completion, fair treatment, consideration during

repayment, strictest privacy and courtesy at all times, the

old-established, reliable London and Provinces Discount

Co., Ltd., 78, Queen Victoria-st, E.C.4, is undoubtedly the

best for borrowers; write for terms; no advance fees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure

and certain in results; everybody's opportunity.—Full

particulars of D. Clifton, 15, Broad-st Hill, London, E.C.4.

PNEUMATIC.—Positive cure. P.O. 15, 94, Abchurch

Lane, E.C.4, North-west, Brighton.

TRUNKS and suit cases; strong second-hand, in leather

or cloth; all sizes at pre-war prices.—Anglo-American Trunk

Association (manufacturers), 52, Strand, W.C.2. (opposite

Charity Cross Hospital), and 115, Southampton-grove, W.9,

Daily Mirror

Friday, January 23, 1920.

PEACE TIME RECRUITING.



A likely recruit making a few notes on the pay offered by the Army on one of the latest recruiting posters, illustrating the Welsh Guards, in busbies and scarlet, changing guard at St. James' Palace.



A striking costume was worn by Little Joan of Buzz-Buzz.

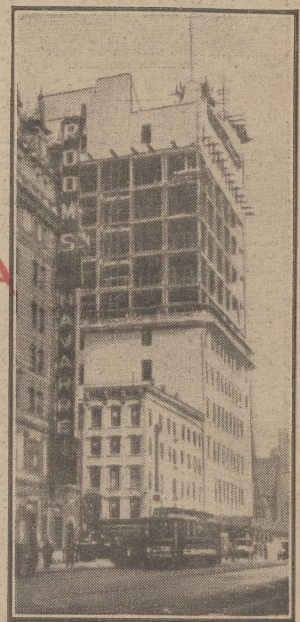


Lady Pearson and her party at the British Empire Ball. Left to right (standing): Col. Laurie, D.S.O., Mr. Neville Pearson, Mrs. Percy Laurie, Col. Geoffrey Glyn, C.M.G. (sitting): Miss Mitchell and Lady Pearson.



Mrs. Proctor, as Cleopatra, wearing the wonderful dress for which she was awarded the first prize.

At the British Empire Ball in aid of St. Dunstan's at Albert Hall, Lady Pearson and Miss Mabel Russell each entertained fifty blinded officers.



THE YANKEE METHOD. — This is how they build in New York. A skeleton structure is erected and building goes on from the ground upwards and from the roof downwards at the same time. (Exclusive.)



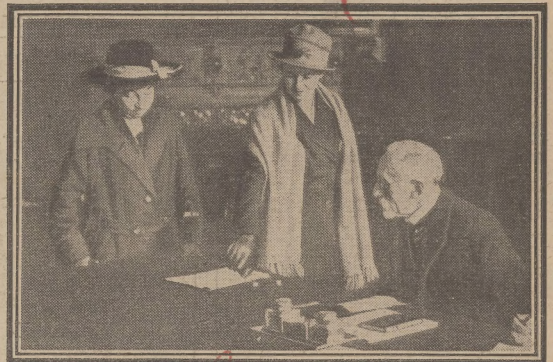
A WELCOME RETURN.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will shortly return to the stage, as her old part of Edith Doolittle in Miss Fiske's revival of "Pygmalion" at the Aldwych.



NEW FRENCH CABINET.—The first meeting of the new Millerand Cabinet in Paris, described as a Government of administrative talent. The photograph reached London by aeroplane late last night.



Miss Rose Chapman (left) and Miss Beatrice Over. "MAIDS' MONEY."—At the ancient Guildhall, Guildford, yesterday, Miss Chapman and Miss Over, maidservants to local tradesmen, threw dice for the proceeds of How's Charity, known as Maids' Money. The former received £12 1s. 6d. and the latter £11 19s.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mr. George Jacobs, chairman, Guildford Municipal Charities, presided.